

The Children's Newspaper, September 5, 1942

THIRD OF SEPTEMBER

It is the Third of September, the day that will be remembered as long as the world lasts, the day when Cromwell lay dying in the storm over England, the day of Dunbar, the day of which Carlyle wrote that the sea was heavy and the tempests were abroad, "all else asleep but we, and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind."

Will men say that this day in 1939 was the death of an old world or the birth of a new?

A Man With 80 Million Slaves

It was the day when a man who had been tramping the streets of Vienna, sick to death because he was a ne'er-do-well, gave himself a piece of work to do, the conquest of the world. He had read that those whom the gods would destroy they first drive mad, and he began by driving mad the German people. It is simple truth that he has made these eighty million people bow down and worship him. He has made them his slaves, and drags them at his chariot wheels.

Now he could conquer the world. What could a man not do with eighty million slaves in the heart of Europe? He had persuaded them to give up butter for guns, to betray father, brother, and sister for him, to forsake the ways of peace and follow him to destruction. He loved to hear the rattle of their chains, and told them, this nation grovelling at this epileptic's feet, that they were the superb people in the world, and that all races should serve them.

THEIR neighbours should be wiped out or enslaved. Italy should bow down to them. Russia should be annihilated. The Poles should disappear from the earth. Greece should become a shadow. The Balkans should be at their mercy. Scandinavia should be overwhelmed. The Dutch should hew wood and draw water for them, the Belgians should do their bidding, the French should grow food for them, the British, the contemptible British, should be a colony in the German Ocean.

Nazi Teeth and Claws

History is full of miserable wars, but never one so miserable as this, to drag mankind back into slavery. It was the dream of a madman, but what has come of it? While we laughed at this man's epileptic shrieks he was building up the great machine that has terrified the world. Like Dr Frankenstein he had made a monster which was to devour civilisation. Back to the Beast was the German motto. Evolution should be turned backwards. Science should be harnessed to the destruction of mankind. The ridiculous ideas of Jesus Christ should go; the future belonged to Thor and Thug.

It is to impose this ugly spirit on the world that the Nazis have overrun Europe with teeth and claws. Brute force is in their music, their literature, their nursery rhymes; now it is to drive all peoples into slavery.

OTHER wars have been fought by soldiers against soldiers; this is a war against the peoples. Other wars have been won by courage; this is the war of fire and steel. Other wars have been on land and sea; this is in the air and under the sea. It is the answer to the question whether man can be beaten by the things he makes. We have seen the aeroplane, born as a plaything, become the terror of our age. We have seen the submarines we refused to build against Napoleon menace us after all these years.

BUT we have seen more than the harnessing of all the mechanical devils of the earth against mankind: we have seen a nation deliberately train its youth for the destruction of its neighbours. We have seen the rise of a new sort of war, the creation of a Mechanical Brute that can destroy us all unless we master it. It is turned not against armies but against women and children. It murders the people in their sleep. Nothing is too foul for it. Germany has abandoned God and chosen Caliban. Her weapons are Poison, Famine, Fire, Steel, with none too old, too young, too weak to be their prey.

Life Will Be Different

It is not to be wondered at that men could not believe this thing, and that our lives have been torn up by the roots. The world we have known so long has vanished as in a night. There is not a quiet place for any man unless it is in the private room of the Grand Lama of Tibet. For every man and woman life is tense and anxious; for every boy and girl it is full of foreboding. Stand at Oxford Circus and see the throng of life pass by, men hurrying to and fro, women in and out of shops, gaily-dressed girls on their way to lunch. Across the life of every one of them lies a great shadow. Behind their outward calm, behind the brave spirit that smiles on the world, is a tragedy too deep for words. Something is eating away the heart of life.

WE are brought face to face with stern reality at last. The things that seemed eternal are gone. Our little pleasures are no more. How long is it since we saw the sea, or stood enthralled in a cathedral nave, or sat on a river bank, or walked lazily down the streets of a medieval town? We are all serious now. The outlook of every man and woman alive is changed. Whether life be long or short it will be different.

We must pray that it will be better. If the rich will have less, the poor will have more, and for all of us there will be a deeper purpose in life. We can never again live through a day as if it had no meaning. We shall love our country more and shall feel a closer kinship with our neighbours in all lands. We who have stood alone on the brink of a dark precipice, who have stood together in deep suffering with the peoples of so many lands, can never be selfish or narrow or callous again. We have touched something terrible, something sublime, in this great revolution that has come to us.

Something to be Fought For

It is true, and it is pitiful, that the whole round world is in the grip of evil things, that never was so much sorrow on the earth, so much cruelty, so much slavery; and yet it is true that never in the history of mankind were so many people working together to a single end. Every workshop is turned to it. Every mechanical genius is harnessed to it. Every dreamer is longing for it. Did you see that a tractor is being built with a bed for a relief driver, so that it need not stop? So hard is the world being driven, with the energies of all free men, the wealth of all free nations, set towards the goal.

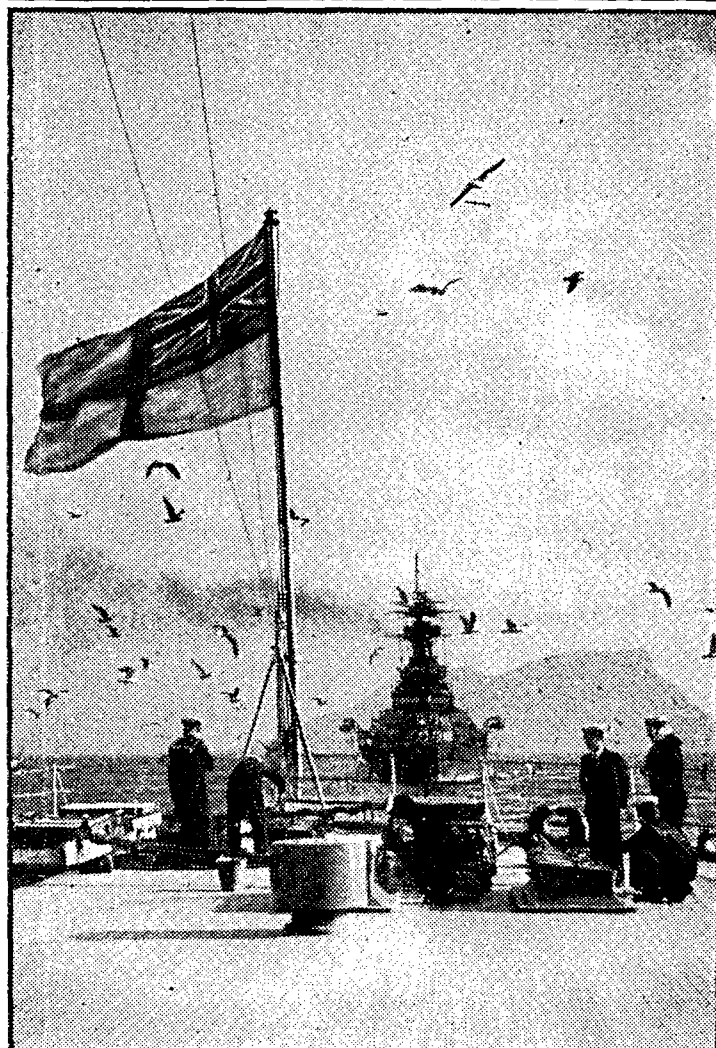
A new sort of war? Yes, and a new peace to fight for, a new world to live for. It was not for nothing that the challenge of the Third of September came to us. It was to wake us from false dreams and to fit us for a nobler world. It was to teach us that life

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE



GIBRALTAR "Here and here did England help me: How can I help England, say?"

The Faithful Hindu

WHEN quiet days return to India we shall probably hear more wonderful stories of Indian devotion to their British associates such as give a romance and beauty to India's past.

One such example comes from a book written by Sir Herbert Edwardes, who, going out to India last century as a young civilian, attained a striking mastery of native languages as well as winning the confidence and affection of people of all classes. At the call of danger the civilian became a soldier, showing great natural ability for generalship and the gaining of swift victories.

Continued from the previous column
is not something we are entitled to for nothing, but something to be fought for.

It is for each of us to learn that from now the world is ours if we deserve it, that freedom is ours if we work for it, that serenity is not something we are born to, but the reward of hard work and good courage. Hail to the Third of September, 1939-1943.

Arthur Mee

During one of his battles he needed to write a hurried dispatch and dismounted from his horse, asking without hope if anyone had pen and ink and paper. To his intense astonishment a familiar voice replied, "Sahib!" and, turning round, Edwardes saw a Hindu clerk from his office, without weapons, placidly producing the necessary writing materials from his girdle. Cannon were firing and men were falling, but the Hindu clerk, though looking serious and grave, was quite calm. "What are you doing here, Suddah Sookh?" cried the Englishman. The Hindu put up his hands respectfully and answered, "My place is with my master! I live by his service; when he dies I die!"

Suddah Sookh was gentle and timid, yet love for the man he served, a man as good as he was valiant, had made the shy hermit a hero capable of secretly following him to face the terrors of battle at close range.

India still has its Suddah Sookhs, and the spiritual successors of the dauntless Herbert Edwardes.

Ice Age Man Home From the Great Fire

A SURVIVOR of the Battle of London has gone back to his old home of 40,000 years ago. He is the famous Ipswich Man. The skeleton of this man, after many years sojourn at the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, has, through the kindness of the President and Council of the College, returned permanently to his native town.

It is now some 40,000 years since he lived and moved on the high ground to the north of what is now Ipswich, and while much more is known about him than when he was discovered by Mr Reid Moir in 1911, yet there is a great deal more to be learned. The man himself, if dressed in modern clothes, would not have attracted attention by his physical get-up in our streets today, but there is one peculiarity about him which marks the Ipswich Man as different from any known human being of the past and present ages.

This peculiarity, strange to say, is in the shape of his tibia, or shin bone, which does not possess that sharp frontal ridge of which we are acutely conscious when we happen to knock it with anything hard. Sir Arthur Keith, the greatest of all our authorities on ancient man, could offer no explanation of this crestless shin bone when the skeleton was discovered, and there is no reason to suppose that he could offer one now. But one thing certain is that the shape of the bone is not due to disease, but was normal to the race to which the Ipswich Man belonged.

There is a definite primitiveness about this shin bone, the only remaining trace of such a one, and in what is without doubt a skeleton of the modern type. When the remains were found Mr Reid Moir and others thought they lay under an undisturbed layer of glacial boulder clay, and

in 1911 it was generally believed that this country had been visited by only one Ice Age, of which this boulder clay was the evidence, and that no human beings had existed here before that time.

So, when a human skeleton of the modern type was claimed as having been found beneath this clay, there was naturally a great stirring and opposition among scientific men interested in such matters. But a great deal of research has gone on in East Anglia since then, and it is now known that not one, but no less than four Ice Ages have come and gone in this country during the last half-million years. The Ipswich Man lived in the warm epoch between the Third and Fourth of these cold periods, when the Old Stone Age races existed in France and were proving themselves to be consummate artists in depicting by drawings and engravings on bone and ivory, and the walls of caves, the animals with which they were associated. The Ipswich skeleton, buried not very deep on an ancient land surface, was covered by the deposits of the Fourth Ice Age, and there he lay in peace till 1911. His appearance then startled the scientific world and judging by what we hear of certain discoveries made recently by Mr Reid Moir, he may well do so again.

We shall all be glad that the Ice Age Man escaped the Great Fire of London, and that Ipswich has found it possible to give a home to its oldest citizen.

PASSING KINDNESS ON

A GROUP of Polish refugees living in Palestine are making clothes for Russian civilians.

The Poles themselves fled out of Poland when fighting began, and were allowed to live for a time in Rumania. The British Government presently agreed that they might find what it was hoped would be a permanent home on Cyprus. Sydney and Joice Loch, acting for British Quakers, arranged for the emigration of 500 men, women, and children to the island, and set up handicraft centres, a library, a sewing circle, and other activities for them.

At a few hours' notice all these

Polish refugees had again to be evacuated in June 1941. They went to Jerusalem, and again set about building up their lives. That they can spare thought for others who have suffered from war is perhaps surprising, but a letter from Jerusalem tells that the Polish women are working long hours at hand looms and sewing machines, making clothing which is urgently needed in Russia. The wool they use is bought by the Quaker relief workers from Bedouin villages.

Each bundle sent to Russia includes a packet of needles and thread; for the Polish women know by experience how much these are needed.

CANADA'S GIFT TO GREECE

Canada has offered to make a free gift to the Greek people of 15,000 tons of wheat a month.

The first deliveries have been sent in three Swedish ships, containing 15,000 tons in all, and eight Swedish ships have been set aside for carrying out the scheme. The vessels left the Baltic under promise of safe conduct from the Nazis, and Swedish and Swiss officials are in Greece to conduct the arrangements for the distribution of the wheat, seeing that it is used entirely for the Greek people, who are on the point of starvation.

THE SECRET OF THE SEALED CRATE

A SHIP arrived in an Australian port the other day from overseas. It had been two months on the voyage, and brought a cargo of planes in sealed crates.

When the seals were broken the planes were found to be in good order and well covered with grease—all but one. In one case there was not a spot of grease to be found, and the duralumin part of the plane was corroded for lack of it.

Out of this crate leapt a white cat, frightened and weak and thin. It had been sealed up with the plane, and had kept itself alive on the grease.

BRAZIL IN

ALL South America has now been stirred by the news that, impelled by the piratical destruction of her ships by U-boats, Brazil has joined the Allies, declaring war on Germany and Italy, and bringing to the aid of the United Nations a navy which has two battleships, two cruisers, ten destroyers, and many small craft, as well as a substantial merchant marine.

Brazil is the first South American State to enter the war against the Nazis, and is the biggest, being in fact only slightly smaller than Canada, and bigger than the entire United States. Her population is over forty millions, and she has material resources in rubber and metals essential for war.

Another important factor which will help in the defence of Atlantic shipping is that her coast projects into the Atlantic so that it is only about 1500 miles from British Colonies on the West Coast of Africa.

Brazil's small southern neighbour, Uruguay, is likely to follow her example, while Venezuela and Colombia to the north are in full sympathy with her.

As President Roosevelt declared in his message to President Vargas of Brazil, the entry of this great State into the war has hastened the coming of the inevitable victory of freedom.

Mrs Quisling Passes By

Never were any people with so little humour as the evil Nazis.

In Norway they have fined a woman £5 for refusing to acknowledge in the street the wife of the Quisling Bishop.

Thereupon the lady fined, seeing Mrs Quisling coming along the street, declared to all within hearing that the bishop's wife was coming, and would they please see how graciously she saluted her?

Then, with a profound bow, the witty Norwegian lady went her way amid the smiles and cheers of her friends, and ever since that day, whenever Mrs Quisling appears in the town the people bow low and with great ostentation, so that it is becoming necessary to impose a fine of £5 on those who now discomfort her with their recognition!

THINGS SEEN

Geese on a Lincolnshire farm marching in formation of threes, turning round in the same order, and marching back.

A young Polish airman bursting into tears when asked if he had relatives left in Poland.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Sunderland flying-boat in which the Duke of Kent so tragically met his death, while on the way to Iceland, is the wartime version of the Short flying-boats that were maintaining the Empire airways before the war.

Mr Wendell Willkie will see Chiang-Kai-shek on his visit to the East as Mr Roosevelt's representative.

There have lately been earthquake shocks in the Aleutian Islands now occupied by the Japs.

MORE than 17 million whitefish fry from a Canadian Government hatchery were distributed among 25 commercial fish lakes in Saskatchewan last spring.

Lord Dunedin, the Scottish judge who has just died at 93, was a friend of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The day on which this paper appears is being kept as a National Day of Prayer by the wish of the King.

FIFTY Canadians who fell in the Dieppe raid have been laid to rest at Brookwood, maple leaves from Canada being strewn in their graves.

Scout and Guide News Reel

FOR gallantry in air raids and presence of mind in improvising a stretcher from a door Patrol Leader Lionel Hawkins, of Bath, has been awarded the Scout Gilt Cross.

The Princess Royal, President of the Girl Guides, had lunch and tea at the International Camp at Clitheroe, where she met Guides of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Norway, Poland, and Britain.

A naval officer who escaped after spending six months in hiding in enemy territory considers that his success is entirely due to his Scout training; he sent Scout Headquarters a gift of money to "help the future generation."

A VISITOR CALLING

One of our country readers was talking to a visitor from Overseas on the day of the Dieppe raid. They stood together on a Kent hill looking down into a valley where men and women were picking up the harvest. The air was heavy with the noise of the distant bombardment, and now and then the earth seemed to shiver.

"You English are amazing people," said the visitor. "Look at those folks down there. This is the third harvest they have gathered within cannon-shot of the enemy. You seem to get raid warnings at all hours of day and night, and goodness knows the news lately hasn't been very cheering. I felt we should win before I came to England, but these people know it. I haven't met anyone yet who has even started thinking about losing."

This Kind World

The other day the citizens of a small market town in East Anglia learned that a corporal of the Royal Engineers stationed in their midst had met with a grave accident, one of his hands being blown off.

They decided to do what they could to help him. Dances and sports were organised and donations invited. The result was that they were able to hand the corporal the sum of £104.

SOUTH AFRICA is coming into line with Natal by adopting Daylight Saving from September 20.

Up to the middle of July the Navy and the RAF had sunk more than a million tons of enemy shipping in the North Sea and English Channel.

The Board of Education has issued a list of about forty books on Russia which will be helpful to teachers dealing with the U.S.S.R.

Two builders in Scotland have been sent to prison for putting rubbish into the walls of a children's air-raid shelter.

No new units are to be formed of the Women's Junior Air Corps or the Girls Naval Training Corps; those units in existence on August 6 may retain their titles, but must be registered with the National Association of Girls Training Corps.

A million books have been handed in at post offices for the use of the Forces.

Australian women are forbidden to drink in public bars as the result of a decision reached at a conference lately held by the Premier.

Scouts of Malta help the Army and Police to guard dumps while convoys unload.

Thirteen-year-old Scout G. A. Wall traced the relatives of 17 soldiers after raids on Bath, and the Army Welfare Officer sent him a gift of books. Wall has also received the Scout Certificate of Gallantry for messenger work during raids.

The Guide B-P Memorial Fund has reached well over £27,000.

The Guide of Dunkirk, the lifeboat at Cadgwith in Cornwall which was presented by Empire Guides in 1940, has been adopted by the town of Lymington.

The Gleaners

Many a farmer has accepted the suggestion that backyard poultry-keepers shall be allowed to glean his cornfields.

There is no doubt that much good grain has been wasted in the past, merely because "it did not pay" to pick it all up. Even last year, while we were being urged to save every scrap of food, many lanes in Kent were festooned with wasted corn. The shortage of food for poultry may teach us to learn all over again that the profit to be made in pounds, shillings, and pence is not the only test.

Gleaning a field is a slow, laborious task, but it is work which can be done by children and old people. The villager who has extra eggs and a few plump chicken will have good proof that gleaning does pay, after all.

PETER'S PENCE

A Beccles schoolboy, Peter Bowen, on his 13th birthday decided to do something to raise money for the Red Cross, and arranged an exhibition of models he had made. There were 508 visitors to the exhibition, and their gifts to the collecting-box amounted to £6 16s 1d.

Turn the Light Off

37 ATOMS OF MISCHIEF

FOLLOWING up clues about the destructive Cabbage White butterfly, a reader has been keeping watch among the cabbages, and has managed to disturb one of these butterflies in the midst of its egg-laying. There were the eggs, but covering so tiny an area, about a quarter of a postage stamp, that the observer could not believe they numbered more than a dozen. Examination under a magnifying glass, however, proved that the total was 37. "I have had patches three or four times that size," said he.

The eggs, each a thing of beauty, were all laid in order, cemented to the leaf and to each other, so that a hurricane would not have disturbed them. How long had it taken the butterfly to deposit them? A hen lays one egg in 24 hours; a large Cabbage White butterfly lays an egg every 15 seconds, so that if she is left undisturbed, and the conditions are favourable, she will deposit 100 future caterpillars in 25 minutes.

70 YEARS IN A COTTAGE

Yorkshire has many fine old veterans who are still doing good service.

One of the most remarkable is Mrs Charlotte Robshaw, of Ribston, Harrogate, who will soon reach her 101st birthday. She does her own shopping and housework. Her sight and hearing are perfect, and she thoroughly enjoys her life in the cottage she has occupied for seventy years.

SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND

Somewhere in the North of Scotland Mrs Ivan Colvin has built up an organisation now well known as the Royal Naval War Libraries, and in less than two years has sent out a million books circulating to men of the little ships, such as submarines, mine-sweepers, and coastal craft.

Two of her best helpers are her little sons, Michael who is ten, and Alastair who is six, both evacuated to a place in this northern district of Scotland.

Mrs Colvin has undertaken, by means of a loan library, to supply any book on request to any seaman on any subject in which he is interested. She was once nearly beaten by an inquiry for a book on the anatomy of the greyhound, but she found that there was such a book and she supplied it to the seamen.

A Note From a Famous Mill House

THE writer lives in a famous mill house in Suffolk, built in 1621 and still standing hale and hearty.

He is very interested in bird life, which abounds in the neighbourhood, but especially in the house martins, which year after year come back from their African holiday to nest under the eaves of the old Suffolk house. Not only do they nest there in quantity, but in the adjacent mill, and a cottage built 400 years ago.

Now, the writer has noticed a very strange thing about the position of the house martins'

RAPID house building will be essential as soon as the war ends, and possibly before. An eminent architect, who is also an M.P., Mr Alfred C. Bosson, enters an urgent plea for a system of manufacturing houses on the factory plan.

Mr. Bosson points out that some excellent methods of fabricated construction have been devised by which the frames of houses can be erected in

two or three days, but that it often takes two or three months to instal the heating, lighting, and plumbing because these have not also been fabricated.

Therefore, to complete houses ready for occupation with the greatest rapidity, all internal and external details, including kitchens, staircases, bathrooms, and so on, must be got ready as separate mass-production jobs.

Then, once the roads and utility services are available, houses could be transported in numbered crates to the site, and there completely assembled in a week or ten days, even by unskilled male or female labour.

Certainly it would seem that these suggestions open out great possibilities. It is not necessary to suppose that design would suffer, any more than it does in the case of a motor-car.

Is the Ready-made House Coming?



Camp Lecture

Air Scouts in a camp near a Fleet Air Arm Station had an unforgettable experience when they were shown round the aerodrome and given a lecture from the wing of an Albatross by Lieutenant Laurence Olivier

THE COW NEXT DOOR

Down on a West Country farm a cow is the proud possessor of a baby calf, but on two occasions the calf has been pilfered before her very eyes.

The culprit is the cow next door, which actually broke through the fence and, by some means or other, enticed away her neighbour's calf, marching off with it to her own territory! Of course the calf was promptly returned to its proper parent, but when the trick was repeated the owner realised that it was time to call a halt, and so the fence was repaired without more delay.

RIKI CLOTHES HIS MISTRESS

RIKI, a Dutch barge dog, has lived for many years with his loved mistress on the coast of Fife; his coat is long and thick and very warm; every day his mistress combs it, as she has done since he came to her as a puppy.

Four years ago the thought occurred to her, "Why do I waste the combings from Riki's coat? They could be put to good use." She collected the combings from that day, and, when she had some pounds, sent them to expert weavers and it was woven into a beautiful length of tweed, in appearance like the "herring-bone tweed" of a soft grey tint. It was then made into a magnificent winter coat for Riki's mistress.

Now warm scarves are made of these combings, which go to the Forces men serving in the North, the spinning of the wool being done by women in the Hebrides.

It seemed to the writer that, as this story was told to her, Riki, seated on the floor near by, wore a slightly self-conscious look of smug satisfaction, as if he were saying to himself, "Yes, my mistress owes those nice, warm clothes to me, and gets them coupon-free, too! I should like the Queen of Holland to know about it!"

TUBERS CAESAR NEVER KNEW

Lord Woolton, our Food Minister, had a remarkable experience the other day. He saw, on a section of the 140,000 acres which the Kent War Agricultural Committee has put into production since the war, oats, wheat, and potatoes grown on soil which had not been cultivated since the days of the Romans. Certainly Caesar never saw our land producing such a marvellous crop of potatoes.

The Agricultural Committees are causing cultivation to prosper in every county, and it needs only the proper weather to give us record crops.

From Generation Unto Generation

BRIDLINGTON SCHOOL is doing its good deed.

In the last war one of its boarders was Jean Charles Laxton, a French boy, whom everyone called Froggy. Very anxious he was sometimes in those days, wondering more than once what would happen to his own country if the Germans marched into Paris.

All that seems long ago. Jean returned to France, grew up, married, and had a son, John Paul. They lived happily enough till Hitler's war came. Then John Paul Laxton saw the

ZONES FOR THE FISH TRADE

THE public has become familiar with the excellent plan arranged by the Ministry of Food by which biscuits needed in any area can only be bought by the retailers from manufacturers in that district. The object, of course, is to save unnecessary transport.

The same plan is now to be applied to fish, by arrangement between the fish trades, the Ministry of Food, and the Ministry of Transport. There are to be six zones, which will mean a big cut in transport costs and a more equitable distribution of fish. The six zones are: South Wales; Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset; North-West and North Wales; East, South-East, and South Coasts; Yorkshire; Scotland, Northumberland, and Durham.

London will obtain a proportion of the catch from each of these areas.

Some variation may be made in these proposals, as they are the subject of negotiation; it is hoped to start them in the autumn.

THE NUT HARVEST

A country rector points out that we have now ripening in our hedgerows and coppices the finest crop of hazel nuts within living memory.

Why then, he says, should we not arrange a system of depots for collecting and saving this most valuable free gift of rich food? Nuts are easy to handle, pleasant to pick, and require no sugar for preservation. Cake makers and vegetarians would be glad of a good supply.

THE BOY IN THE PIT

It is good to know that pit-head baths make progress, but it is regrettable that some 28 per cent of colliery owners have not yet seen their way to give any assistance. The war reminds us once more that coal-mining is a vital industry. Cannot we make up our minds to see to it that at least cleanliness might accompany the performance of this deadly work?

Let us add that the delegates to the Mineworkers Federation Conference at Blackpool were shocked when they heard the figures relating to boys—that one boy in every four under 16 is killed or injured every year.

Parents keep their boys from coal-mining because of its dangers, and we cannot wonder that during the last ten years there has been a 35 per cent fall in the entrants from school into the pits.

Germans take everything his father possessed the day the enemy entered Paris. Luckily he and his father escaped to England, and now John Paul is a scholar at Bridlington School, learning his lessons under the very roof where his father studied.

But there is more than this. When the governors of the school heard that Laxton Senior had lost everything they said that Laxton Junior was to be their guest, so, to the great delight of his father, the school has adopted John Paul.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

The Hoardings Are Coming Back

WE called attention some time ago to the reappearance of a great hoarding advertisement of an unpleasant drink on one of our arterial roads, and wondered if there was so much labour to spare that these hoardings can begin business again.

A little later we drew attention to the fact that a second great advertisement had come near it, on the side of a house, and we wondered if there was so much paper to spare that we could cover up houses with it.

Now we see that a third advertisement has come upon the scene, on another house, and it must be there as a hopeful sign that in our life-and-death struggle we have men and paper to spare for turning roads and houses into advertisements again.

THREE FACTS

THAT eleven in twelve of our farms have no electricity.

THAT one in three of our parishes has no running water.

THAT nearly half our parishes have no sewerage system.

Note to Lord Kindersley

DEAR LORD KINDERSLEY,
More power to you in your saving crusade. Have you tried asking the Government to help?

Have you told them that three dog-tracks in Liverpool took £800,000 in betting in the last 12 months, £80,000 more than the year before?

Have you reminded them that we spend £1,000,000 every day on smoking and very much more on drinking?

Would not some of these millions be good for you while our savings are falling? Perhaps you may not like to stop smoking or drinking, but what sort of people are they who like to see £800,000 a year gambled on three dog-tracks just now?

JUST AN IDEA

What a wonderful world it would be if everyone tried to be a little kinder than is necessary.

First Class Ticket For the Great Peace

WE hear too much of the small minority element in the industrial world which spoils the fine record of the vast majority of decent workers, and we wonder if there is not a good way of dealing with this ne'er-do-well element which takes all it can get from the country and gives back as little as it need.

Would it not be practicable to give these people their deserts and at the same time reward the honest workers by giving them what they want most—a consciousness of future security.

We suggest to Mr Bevin that he might consider whether it is practicable for the Government

to give a guarantee of work after the war to every man who holds a First Class Ticket.

The First Class Ticket would be given to all men whose work reaches an accepted standard, and as for those men who are willing to be below that standard they could look out for themselves when the time comes. We feel convinced that Sir William Beveridge will say there is nothing impossible in this suggestion, and surely the possession of the First Class Ticket would lift up the hearts of our working people and save them from the anxiety as to what will happen to them after the war.

A SAYING OF OUR LORD

IN commenting on the BBC play of the Life of Jesus the C N asked that the words of Our Lord should be given correctly.

In the play Our Lord was made to say "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," whereas the Bible words are "perish with the sword," which to us appears much more profound, implying that not only shall he perish who relies on the sword but the sword itself shall perish.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers writes disclaiming any error in her play and insisting that according to the original Greek the words as she gave them are right.

The words in the play are used, of course, as they are constantly being misquoted by

careless people; if we accept Miss Sayers' view it is a curious example of the careless people being right when they wrongly quote the Bible.

We should not think of challenging Miss Sayers as to this; our point is that in quoting the Bible we must take the Authorised Version and not the interpretations of scholars, however wise.

We give Miss Sayers' point of view because she feels that she is right, and because we are unwilling to misrepresent anyone in the C N. Christ spoke the words in Aramaic. Miss Sayers relies on the Greek translation. We accept our English Bible, and are merely anxious that children should quote it correctly.

A Few Ten-Pound Notes

THAT was a good story we heard in a postscript recently.

It was of a war agricultural committee which was faced with the problem of a bankrupt farm where the owner could not afford to buy the wheat to sow.

In the end the farmers on the committee put down £10 each to try to save the farm, and the result has paid them handsomely, for instead of going into the Bankruptcy Court the farmer had 100 acres of good wheat and was able to pay back his benefactors with interest. It was

probably the first time these farmers had done anything of the sort, but it was not a bad thing to group together to save a farm that was down and out. They did it for the land which has given them prosperity, and the story (told by Mr Street, the famous agricultural writer) has a lesson for us all.

WHO CARES?

MANY people must have been shocked to see that only ten per cent of the electorate voted the other day in a Parliamentary election. It is now too common an experience that people are thinking less and less of the importance of the vote.

We hear that a village in Kent has lost its parish council because nobody cares enough to see that it meets, and as the members have not met for two years the council has ceased to be.

It is a thousand pities, but we must all hope that one of the results of the peace will be a return to the days when men were keenly interested in parliaments and parish councils. One of the great things is that the parish council should have more power; at present it is little more than a registering body, which can be written to about a footpath but must ask a higher authority if it can deal with it.



War in the Fields

Boys of Selsdon in Surrey chasing white butterflies. The caterpillars of these pests have wrought great destruction among cabbages, and boys and girls all over the country have done good work in destroying the butterflies which lay the eggs.

THAT BAD MAN

That Bad Man: a Tale for the Young of All Ages. By Wickham Steed. Macmillan, 5s.

ALL the world knows Mr Wickham Steed as an intimate observer of events in Europe, but who knows Wickham Steed the writer for children? Not many, perhaps, but it is certain that many soon will, for his new book will be found lying by the C N in nurseries and schoolrooms. It is the best children's tale yet of That Bad Man.

The Bad Man is, of course, the troubler of the world, the Austrian ne'er-do-well who has persuaded Germany to grovel to him as if he were a god. His story is told here to two boys, real ones. We know they are real because we have played with them. Mr Steed found them playing at Bombing Hitler and thought they should know why they were bombing him. He sat down, turned on his Muse, and wrote these lines:

*When boys at play
Disturb the day
With loud resounding knocks,
And boldly say
They mean to slay
That Bad Man in a box,
Then shall they hear
As night draws near
A Tale from far and wide
Till they see clear
Why good men fear
That Bad Man's evil pride,*

and this book is what happened next. It is the answers to the questions of Simon and Richard, who must now be the best-informed boys in the world about the filthy tramp who has changed his name from Schicklgruber, has stupefied the German people, has made £100,000,000 out of his Dictatorship, has murdered millions of decent people, and has broken the peace of every human being on the earth.

Good Health to Us

According to Sir Wilson Jameson, the nation's chief Medical Officer, our health statistics are reassuring. For the June quarter this year the deathrate was the lowest for any June quarter except 1927, 1930, and 1933, while infant mortality was the lowest for any year except 1940.

These are surely very remarkable facts when we remember the unavoidable disturbances of lives and homes which have occurred since 1939.

Here we see it as it happened: "Peace with Austria" and Hitler stole £15,000,000 from his victim. "Peace with Czechoslovakia" and £60,000,000 more for his pocket. Who even now can believe the things we read here:

I know of one man whose only crime was that he thought it wrong for countries to go to war against each other. The Nazi guards put a rope round his neck and dragged him with it a long way over rough stones till he was nearly dead. Then they threw the other end of the rope over the door of a big barracks and pulled it tight, so that the poor man was hanged.

Could nobody kill Hitler? asked Simon.

A Nation of Haters

It is all here, from the beginning with Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the renegade Englishman who told the Germans that they were the greatest people in the world and turned the Kaiser's head. We see the growth of a nation of haters who came to believe that they were masters of the earth. We see them building up for revenge and throwing over Christianity for their old pagan gods.

It is all remarkably interesting, and will be very popular with those who feel it right that our young people should know what it is we are at war against. If they are to know why we cannot talk to appease a snake, as Mr Gandhi would have us do, here is the way to tell them.

One grudge we have against Mr Steed, for he says on one page that "even the English have sometimes said silly things about God's Englishmen." We wonder if the old Editor of The Times has been reading the C N, or did he take it straight from one John Milton? At any rate, we may forgive him for his passion against a narrow nationalism which has brought the world to this and would imperil its destiny unless it were checked. We would forgive him more for having written a capital a book as this. We read it through at a sitting and found it exciting as well as informing, as romantic as a novel and a hundred times better, because it is true. No man knows the story better, few could have told it so well as Wickham Steed. A. M.

Under the Editor's Table

IN order to economise the G P O is using old files. They will be an improvement on some of their pens.

THERE is hardly any fruit in Germany. The people have got the pip.

A KEEPER locks the gates of public gardens in Hoxton though the railings have gone. People who want to stay inside try to get round him.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a lovesick tailor presses his suit

ANYONE can cook potatoes in their jackets. But the jackets won't be fit to wear afterwards.

CHILDREN learn a good deal through helping with the harvest. Gather knowledge while they may.

BISCUITS are now on points. Hope they won't drop off.

A FILM star takes the part of a poor mother. Time some body took her part.

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE NINTH Noble Buildings Rise

WHEN the Roman Empire went to pieces, and for several hundred years the general civilisation introduced by the Greeks and the Romans had been submerged beneath the flood of barbaric violence, art suffered like every other civilising agency. The Greeks had built temples which have never been surpassed in beauty of proportion to this day. They had brought painting and sculpture to a very high pitch of excellence. The Romans had heavier hands, yet they, too, left many monuments to show they took pleasure in form and harmonious construction.

During the Dark Ages art in the West was kept alive only in monasteries, where monks patiently illuminated prayer books, and by wall-pictures. In the East, after the Empire had been divided, and Constantinople had become a rival capital to Rome, there was no such com-

plete break as occurred in the West. Church architecture was influenced by the Byzantine style—Byzantium being another name for Constantinople; mosaics flashed gold and rich colouring from their walls.

Not until the ninth century did the Romanesque style of architecture in the West begin to revive taste and prepare the way for Gothic art, which was the glory of the Middle Ages, and still influences us today, though there has been a disposition to go back to Byzantine. From the ninth century onwards the fresh impulse in the West gained power, and soon made Eastern art look stiff and dead by comparison. To the ninth century we owe a great deal, therefore, of our pleasure in life, gained through delight in soaring cathedrals, pictures, and statues, down to our carpets and wall-papers, and the colours of women's clothes.

TENTH CENTURY

The Century That Made Us a Nation

STILL the English, near though they were to being united, had a danger to pass through. This was the danger of being overcome and despoiled of their country by the Danes. For the turning aside of this peril we give thanks to King Alfred. He lived only a few months into the Tenth Century but his life and works laid the foundations of a nation which became united for the first time in that century.

As we see him through the mists of time, Alfred appears one of the noblest kings that have ever lived. He was a kindly, humorous man, as we know from the story of his accepting the rebuke of the peasant's wife whose cakes he let burn. He was skilful as well as brave in battle. But his chief merit lay in unceasing efforts to give his people good government and education and security in their homes. He went about his duties methodically, carrying a little book about with him in which he wrote down ideas that came into his head, and dividing the day into so many parts, each of which had a particular task allotted to it, so that he never

had to wonder what he should do next. He was a writer as well as a warrior and a governor. He translated into English many books in Latin which he knew would benefit the people, and he ordered that every free-born boy should stay at school, if his parents could afford it, "until he can well understand English writing." He employed wise and able men wherever he found them.

It was his reputation as a good and great man which saved England from the Danes as much as his victories over them. He persuaded some of their chiefs to become Christians, and gave them land to settle on after they had promised to take up peaceful occupations. So famous was he that the princes of Wales asked him to be their overlord and protect them against Danish invaders. At last the enemy saw that they could not hope to conquer England, and gave up the attempt. Later on there were Danish kings in England, Canute among them, but even they did not try to exterminate the English and replace them by Danish settlers. That danger King Alfred averted.

Horse Sense

A GREAT field having lost its cricketers and tennis players, two horses, strange to each other, have been turned in it, with a number of cattle, to share the unwonted delight of pasturage in a London suburb. Very soon Tom, the big carthorse, began to shadow Jerry, a lighter-built horse of the sort that pulls a van.

Flies worried the horses, and onlookers expected to see Tom receive an ugly kick, for he kept his head and neck just to the side of his companion's heels. Wherever Jerry took his grass-cropping way Tom followed. Presently they approached an elm tree where Tom, finding shelter from the flies, ate an enormous meal of young twigs and leaves, while Jerry went unconcernedly on with his meal in the open. When Tom was satisfied with his elm

diet, he ventured again into the sunlight, but had barely lowered his head to resume feeding when the flies swarmed down on him. Tom raised his eyes, saw where Jerry was feeding at the other side of the meadow, and marched off to rejoin him and resume browsing, with his head just behind his friend's heels.

Tom is a wise old horse. He is rat-tailed; his tail hairs would not serve to make a whisk-brush; but Jerry has a noble plume of a tail reaching down below his hocks. By keeping his position by Jerry, Tom secured a walking fly-whisk, for each time Jerry swung his tail round to brush his own flank he swept the flank, neck, and head of old Tom, who had the horse sense, as we say, to keep himself exactly where his friend's service would be of most value. At the time of writing the partnership is still active, with great comfort and profit to Tom.

Turn the Light Off

CARRY ON

Life May Perfect Be

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak three
hundred year,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and
sere:

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night
It was the plant and flower of Light:
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson

THE RICHEST PEOPLE

THE richest people are those who have made the right kind of investments within themselves, who have found "the diamond fields of the soul." It is the treasures we lay up in the spirit that make all other treasures worth while. And what a wonderful truth it is that one cannot enrich his own spiritual life without enriching the whole of the society in which he lives! Progressive Opinion (Salt Lake City)

My Pledge in Heaven

DEAR LORD, receive my son,
whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far
above
The course of Nature or his
tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter
griefs assuage;
Let his pure soul, ordained seven
years to be
In that frail body which was part
of me,
Remain my pledge in Heaven,
as sent to show
How to this port at every step
I go.

Sir John Beaumont

PERFECT HEALTH

A GREAT and little understood sign of health is physical unconsciousness. A sentence most expressive of perfect health is "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell."

Even natural fatigue at night falls short of ideal health; but this may be termed a healthful ill-health, in that sleep dissipates it and morning becomes a resurrection, when a new and untired body rises to obey through another day the lightest caprice of its owner. Health, therefore, is ease; and ill-health is disease. C. W. Saleeby

When the Stormy Winds Do Blow

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a
thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch
again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and
long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of
fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson
fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do
blow;
While the battle rages loud and
long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-
waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native
oak
She quells the floods below
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and
long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night
depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to
blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no
more,
And the storm has ceased to
blow.

Thomas Campbell

The Great Power of One Man

WHILE his schemes were founded, while his predictions were falsified, while the expeditions which he had set forth at enormous expense were ending in rout, his authority over the House of Commons was constantly becoming more and more absolute.

If some great misfortune, a pitched battle lost by the Allies, the annexation of a new department to the French Republic, had spread dismay through the ranks of his majority, that dismay lasted only till he rose from the Treasury Bench, drew

up his haughty head, stretched his arm with commanding gesture, and poured forth the lofty language of inextinguishable hope and inflexible resolution.

Thus, through a long and calamitous period, every disaster that happened without the walls of Parliament was regularly followed by a triumph within them. At length he had no longer an Opposition to encounter. In the eventful year 1799 the largest majority that could be mustered against the Government was 25.

Macaulay on William Pitt

He Planted a Thought in the Minds of Men

HE planted an oak in his father's park
And a thought in the minds of men,
And he bade farewell to his native shore,
Which he never will see again.

Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng
To the glow of the Southern sky;
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow and its boughs will spread
And many rejoice in its shade,
But none will visit the distant grave
Where a stranger youth is laid;
And the thought will live when the oak has died,
And quicken the minds of men,
But the name of the thinker has vanished away
And will never be heard again.

W. E. H. Lecky



THIS ENGLAND

The old Market Cross and the sixteenth-century church tower of the little town of Swaffham in Norfolk

Our Lives Depend on Ships

Johnnie. Can I have some chocolate, Dad?

Dad. No, Johnnie, the shop hasn't got any.

J. Why?

D. Because of the war.

J. Why is that, Dad?

D. The things it is made of have to be brought in ships, and there aren't enough to carry things that can be done without. It would be bad if seamen were risking their lives to bring things like that, wouldn't it?

J. Are cigarettes scarce too, Dad?

D. Well, the shop only gives me twenty a day.

J. But you smoke more than that, don't you?

D. Well, I know a chap who lets me have some.

J. Does everyone know somebody like that?

D. I expect they do.

J. I suppose it doesn't have to be brought in ships like chocolate.

D. Oh, yes, it all comes from abroad—America and places like that.

J. Is smoking better for people than food?

D. Well, it soothes their nerves, and they need it in wartime.

J. How about Mr Smith; he was bombed out and his nerves seem all right, and he doesn't smoke at all?

D. Ah well, he never started.

J. Why did you start, Dad?

D. It seemed the thing to do; made you feel grown up.

J. But do you need to smoke to make you grown up? I thought you were quite old.

D. Oh, it's difficult not to smoke now.

J. Most of the people I see

smoking cigarettes don't smoke them at all really; they let them burn between their fingers or in ash-trays. Are they very cheap?

D. I say they're not! Cost me a pound a week. But a lot of it goes to the Government and helps to pay for the war, so it's quite patriotic, really.

J. If you didn't smoke, couldn't it all go for the war if you put it in National Savings. And you'd be able to get it back after the war instead of just leaving a smell.

D. Yes, I suppose so.

J. And don't we have to send money to America to pay for the stuff that is smoked?

D. Oh, no, we get it Lease-Lend, like munitions.

J. They must think it is very important, Dad.

D. Yes, a lot of the smoking is done by the Forces, and they are fighting the war.

J. The chaps have to give up smoking when they are training for the boat race, to get them fit enough to win. Is it more important to win a boat race than to win the war?

D. Well, no, but—

J. I read somewhere that smokers should be careful where they put their fag ends because they cause millions of pounds of damage by fire; that's just what Hitler is trying to do to us too, isn't it, Dad?

D. Yes, but the smokers don't mean to do it—

J. But it gets done all the same. And if all the ships bringing smokes had been used to take more men and guns to Libya, would we have beaten Rommel by now?

D. Well— Oh, don't keep on asking silly questions, Johnnie!

THE KITCHEN FRONT AFTER THE WAR

WHAT of the kitchen after the war? It is to be hoped that architects will set aside the ridiculous notion that in planning a house the lounge and hall and garage are all to have pride of place, while the kitchen may be pushed into what remains.

For, after all, most women spend the greater part of their lives in kitchens. An inadequate drawing-room is less serious than a kitchen in which it is difficult to work. The houses of the future, whatever other improvements they may have, will surely have happy kitchens with big windows and plenty of sunshine and fresh air. They should have adequate shelving, all the shelves conveniently low. There should be cupboards to spare. There should be a feeling of spaciousness, and care should be taken that the back door does not face the gas-oven. Sinks should be big and deep and not too low. Draining-boards should be easy to clean.

All this may seem trivial compared with the immense tasks before our statesmen who will have to plan the post-war world; but a moment's thought is enough to show that there can hardly be any problem of greater importance. For pleasant kitchens will mean happier and less tired and better-tempered housewives, which must lead to happier homes, the first essential of strong, healthy, vigorous, and contented children.

Clean Your Tins

The complaint is often heard: that, in spite of the zeal of householders in salvaging tins and other food receptacles, they cannot get them promptly collected, with the result that the tins set up foul odours, and attract legions of flies.

Commonsense has aided one housekeeper to an entirely satisfactory solution of such difficulties. The preventive of nuisance is hot water and fire. To sterilise a heap of tins by this means would be a task indeed, but the tins go out singly; to scald them one by one is the work of a minute. Where fish-oil, as in sardine tins, makes cleansing with hot water difficult, the receptacles are placed on a hot fire for a moment, the heat disposing of the oily matter almost immediately, after which the tin can be removed with the tongs.

THIS HONEST WORLD

We are all uncomfortably aware that there is a terrible amount of stealing going on in the country now. It consists of small, indiscriminate, wide-spread theft.

On the other hand we hear many stories such as the following.

An American soldier in Devonshire lost a wallet containing £72. A poor woman found it and returned it to him. He gave her £12, and said, "You English are sure mighty honest."

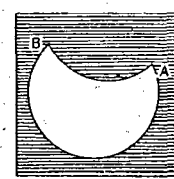
A lady in very reduced circumstances lost her purse with £11 in it at South Kensington station on the Underground. She went back as soon as possible, and a porter handed to her the purse with all the money in it.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

How to See It Next Week

A PARTIAL eclipse of the Sun will take place on Thursday afternoon next, September 10, when the Moon comes between us and the Sun, writes the CN Astronomer. About one third of the Sun will be hidden at the middle and greatest phase of the eclipse.

This will be soon after 5 o'clock, Summer Time, the exact minute varying at different localities, so that whereas the middle of the eclipse is at about 18 minutes after 5 o'clock in Southern England, it occurs about 10 minutes earlier in the Edinburgh, Glasgow, and North of Ireland area. Approximately the same difference of time affects the beginning of the eclipse. This, in the London and South of England area will occur between 24 and 26 minutes past 4 o'clock, when the dark though invisible body of the Moon will begin to impinge, as it were, on the face of the Sun, at about the point



Appearance of the Sun at the greatest phase of the eclipse. A is where the Moon begins to hide the Sun, and B is where the Moon passes off and the eclipse ends.

indicated in the picture. The Moon will finally pass off from the Sun's face at about 7 minutes past 6 o'clock in Southern England and a few minutes earlier in northern areas. Thus the eclipse will last for nearly two hours.

Some protection for the eyes must be provided when viewing; a piece of deeply tinted or smoked glass is best, but the dense portion of a photograph negative will do. The reflection of the Sun in a pool or a pail of water is also good.

Another safe and interesting method well adapted for a class or party is to pierce a piece of thin card with a neat pinhole, then let the Sun shine through it on to a sheet of white paper placed a little distance away, when the image of the Sun there projected will show the extent of the eclipse; the Sun appearing as if a bite had been taken out of

his round face. The progress of the Moon across the Sun's disc can thus be watched from start to finish.

The use of glasses and binoculars should be avoided; they do not add much to the spectacle and are dangerous for the eyes, unless proper protection of very dense cover glasses be fixed between the eyes and the eye-end of the glasses. On no account use a telescope unless it has a proper prismatic appliance for Sun-viewing, called a solar eyepiece, attached; a mere cover glass may break owing to the focused heat being so intense.

As the dark side of the Moon is turned towards us, we do not see her entire circular disc, but only the portion that is interposed between us and the Sun, consequently observers in different localities do not see exactly the same amount of the Sun obscured. In this instance countries farther south than Britain will have less of the Sun obscured, until in North Africa observers will see hardly any eclipsed. Lands farther south will have no eclipse. On the other hand, farther to the north more of the Sun will appear hidden by the Moon; in the Shetlands nearly half, and still more in Iceland and Greenland. But, as the centre of the Moon's cone of shadow passes so far above the top of the Earth on this occasion, the eclipse will not appear total anywhere.

An eclipse of the Sun is thus entirely different in both cause and effect from one of the Moon, for the lunar eclipse is visible from all over that portion of the Earth on which the Moon would be shining and is due merely to the shadow cast by our world on the Moon. But in all eclipses of the Sun the obscuration is due to the substance of the Moon being interposed. G. F. M.

Ideas From a Country Doctor

WE have been looking through the report of the School Medical Officer of Kent, Dr Constant Ponder, and are glad to see that he notes a marked improvement of the health of children evacuated from slum and town conditions into country homes.

We quite agree with his recommendation that it should be possible, by the wide establishment of residential camps at the seaside and in country air, for every child to have a period every year

when he gets the benefit of unlimited fresh air, good food, and opportunity of communal life.

Everyone will agree, too, with Dr Ponder's suggestion that there should be universal provision of pasteurised milk, and that the scourge of diphtheria should be ended by the immunisation of the population. The means to end this danger is in our hands: we need merely a Government wise enough and courageous enough to do what is right.

The Right Side and the Wrong Side

WE like the tale of the American Negro soldier who was pulled up the other day by a police-inspector on one of our pretty country roads.

"Hey," cried the police-officer. "You're cycling on the wrong side of the road. We keep to the left here in England, not to the right; as you do in the States."

The jolly Negro grinned right across his broad face, and showed two fine rows of friendly teeth.

"Ah knows dat, Mistuh Inspector, suh," he replied.

"Yassuh, Ah sure knows dat."

"Then don't do it again," replied the inspector, with a friendly smile.

"Nossuh," agreed the Negro. "Ah won't ride on de wrong side ob de road, not here in England, suh. But when Ah gets into Germany, Mistuh Inspector, Ah sure am gwine to ride on which-ebber side ob de road Ah fancies."

And off he went, singing.

BEDTIME CORNER

If There Were No Boys



You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise—
A dull old place without the boys.

Six Fishers in a Fix

ONE day six fishermen went down to a river to fish. Each carried a rod and a basket which he hoped to fill with fine fat trout.

But the fish were in no hurry to be caught and when noon came not one of the fishermen had had a bite.

"Too bad," moaned one, as he shook his head.

"And what is worse," said another, "is that a storm is coming."

Soon the rain fell thick and fast, and the six fishermen ran as fast as their feet would carry them to a shed. There in the tiny shed they sat and made themselves as comfortable as possible.

Some hours later the farmer looked in and found the little group huddled together in a circle, with their legs criss-crossed in the middle of it.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "The storm is over. Why don't you carry on with your fishing?"

"We want to," replied the simpletons, "but our legs have got so terribly mixed in this poky shed that we cannot tell which belongs to which."

"Oh! If that's your trouble," laughed the farmer, "perhaps I can help you." And lifting his big stick he brought it down, with such force that all six instantly jumped up and ran off.

The Children's Newspaper, September 5, 1942

He Started Australia's Vast Wheatfields

Now that harvest is upon us, and farmers are busy gathering in the golden grain, we recall the romantic little story of the humble beginning of one of the greatest harvests ever known. It is the story of a Cornishman who made good.

It goes back to the 18th century, when the British Government established a prison settlement in Australia on the shores of Botany Bay. Thither breakers of the law were consigned, a punishment that loomed darkly in the public imagination. They were men and women who had been convicted of larceny, felony, and other offences.

Transportation was abolished in 1840, and by that time the total number of prisoners sent to Botany Bay was 60,700 of whom 8700 were women.

After paying the penalty of wrongdoing the male prisoners often became settlers and obtained grants of land, the women were assigned as bond-servants to free settlers who were obliged to provide them with food and clothing.

There was one redeeming feature in this horrible system of transportation. It gave the law-breaker a fresh chance in a new land where, if he were honest and diligent, he could become a respectable subject. In this respect one man stands out prominently. He came from Launceston in Cornwall, and his name was John Ruse.

At Bodmin Assizes in 1782 John Ruse was convicted of robbery. For a few years he served a portion of his sentence in this country, but on the establishing of the penal settlement in 1787 he was sent to Botany Bay with the early convoys.

In a strange virgin country, eight months' sailing distance from home, it was not surprising that from time to time desperate characters attempted to escape, some even succeeding in getting away to the island of Timor.

Reward For Good Conduct

Although Ruse often sighed for freedom, he made up his mind to take his medicine like a man and serve his sentence. However promising the chances of escape he steadfastly refused to be inveigled into joining adventurous spirits in their bold bids for liberty.

Excellent conduct and untiring industry earned their reward. There came a day when he was set free. "There is some cleared ground at Rose Hill," the Governor told him, "and I have specially selected you as the man to whom the land shall be given so that I may know how long it will take a person to cultivate an area sufficient to support himself." Ruse accepted the offer gladly.

"If you prove industrious and behave yourself you shall have 30 acres," the Governor added.

Ruse went to work with great tenacity of purpose. On the small piece of land allocated to him he toiled like a galley-slave, working the soil thoroughly. He used an abundance of wood ash, which served as an efficient fertiliser. In May, 1790, he sowed an acre or more of wheat, the first wheat sown in the Colony.

In August he sowed half an acre of maize and tilled a small vegetable garden. His efforts achieved the success they richly

deserved. An excellent crop of wheat was harvested while the maize production amply justified the experiment.

Ruse was soon in the proud position of reporting that he was well able to maintain not only himself but his wife and family, and so they joined him on his small-holding.

Experiment Farm

Thirty acres of virgin ground were assigned by the authorities to this enterprising Cornishman, from whom even greater things were expected. The deed of grant, the first of its kind, was duly signed on February 22, 1791. The land was at Parramatta, and was appropriately called Experiment Farm.

By steady perseverance Ruse transformed an otherwise barren, unfruitful tract of land into a highly productive farmstead. Another 30-acre plot was granted to him, and he was regarded as one of the best husbandmen in the colony, his land rarely failing to yield rich harvests of wheat, maize, and other crops.

The attention of neighbouring settlers, and indeed of Australia in general, was at last focused on this hard-working Cornishman, and free emigrants began growing wheat.

Harvests innumerable have been garnered in Australia since John Ruse first set out to sow, and today the vast continent stands in the front rank of the wheat markets of the world. Yet John Ruse's name is forgotten.

Just a simple inscription on a weather-beaten tombstone in St John's Churchyard at Campbelltown, where he was buried nearly a century ago, records the fact that Australia owes something to this Cornishman.

"And when I arrived in this colony," his epitaph runs, "I sowed the first grain."

22 MILLIONS MOBILISED

Our total population of men and women between 14 and 64 now numbers 33 millions. Of these more than 22 millions are in the Forces, Civil Defence, or Industry.

Well, therefore, may Mr Bevin, the Minister of Labour, say that "no country in the history of the world has mobilised its life-power to such a high degree as we have done during this war."

Let us consider the 11 millions who remain unmobilised. They consist of mothers with young children to care for, the sick and infirm, schoolchildren, students, and hundreds of thousands doing voluntary work.

For the most part the mobilisation has been performed with remarkable smoothness. Few directions have had to be issued by the Ministry; for the most part people have done what they have been requested to do, although, of course, there is no record of what the changes have meant to millions of lives.

THE LIMIT OF WAR 40,000 Feet High

Our sense of distance has been almost numbed by world-wide war, and the dazzling speed at which it is fought. Thousands of miles of mountains, deserts, and oceans have shrunk to the compass of a few hours' flight.

But there is one direction in which the limit is less than eight miles—upward. Scientists have been making much research into the problems of flight in the upper atmosphere and have come to the conclusion that 40,000 feet is the extreme altitude at which men can be expected to fight. The war ends there.

The height record for a plane, made in peace-time, is over 56,000 feet, and a balloon has carried two men to 74,000 feet, more than 14 miles; but the investigators believe that it is not possible for warplanes to operate effectively above 40,000 feet. At that height, in spite of an oxygen mask and electrically-heated clothing, a man's mental processes become dull and his muscular reactions sluggish. He is too near the borderline of unconsciousness to carry out warlike operations.

There is, of course, the possibility of flying much higher in a plane with a sealed cabin in which the atmospheric pressure is maintained artificially; such a plane may have a peace-time use for transport. But bombing and reconnaissance at extreme altitudes have little military value, and a shell-splinter that punctured the cabin would release the air pressure and kill the crew.

It may be possible to build planes that can soar above the limits of human endurance, but it seems that at 40,000 feet above sea level man has reached the uttermost frontier of war.

Next Week's Children's Hour

The Children's Hour programme begins at 5.20 each day except Tuesday, when it starts at 5.30.

ON Sunday, September 6, the Greenbank Cooperative Children's Choir will open the programme with some songs; they will be conducted by Elsie Parsons. There will also be a story by Elizabeth Clark, The Little Saint and the Rooks.

A programme of verse and music to celebrate the harvest has been devised by Geoffrey Dearmer for Monday; it is entitled A Basket of Fruit. There will also be a talk by the Zoo Man.

For Tuesday there is a play about Jacobite Days. It is The Stranger, by Ethel Maxtone Graham, and some Jacobite songs will be sung by Kathleen.

A new feature begins on Wednesday. It is The Adventures of Deerfoot, adapted for broadcasting by Bertha Lonsdale from the books by Edward S. Ellis. The first adventure is Deerfoot and the Flatboat.

Anthony Hope's famous story, The Prisoner of Zenda, has been adapted as a play by Barbara Sleigh, and Part 1, God Save the King, is to be given on Thursday.

Friday's programme will include some songs by William Gibson; another News Letter from America by Olive Shapley; and a talk by Stephen King-Hall.

Jack Horner's Corner will be presented on Saturday, September 12. This is a Children's Variety by Dorothy Worsley, with Dan Donovan, the Two R's, Arthur Holland, Ira Stevens, Arthur Phillips, and John Tripp.

THE SPECK ON THE WATERS Remarkable Story From a Flying-Boat

THERE is a man in England today (he won't mind if we refer to him as Dick) who owes his life to the stump of a pencil. At one time he had a very comfortable job, but he was not happy until he joined the Merchant Navy. He confesses it was the happiest day of his life when he sailed from a north-country port on a voyage which took him to the other side of the world.

His ship was one of thousands which ride many seas and weather all storms in order to bring us the food and munitions which are so necessary. Everything went well with him until his ship was hit by a torpedo and began to sink.

Dick and two others (one a black man) clambered on to a raft and looked about for some other vessel to rescue them, but there was none in sight, and Dick wondered what would happen to them. All that night, all the following day, and all the next night, the three men clung to their raft, and though they kept a sharp look out they did not see a single ship.

The second morning, however, the black man called out "See," and waved his arms frantically. There was a little dot in the sky, and as it came nearer Dick recognised it as a Sunderland flying-boat, and he also waved, hoping to attract attention. The flying-boat came nearer, and then suddenly turned and flew away. Dick thought they hadn't been seen, but a few hours later some smoke appeared on the horizon, a ship came to where the shipwrecked men were, and took them on board.

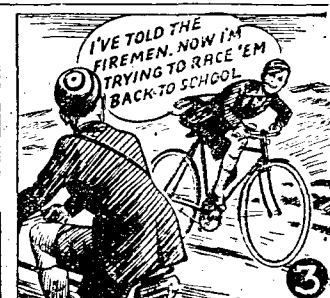
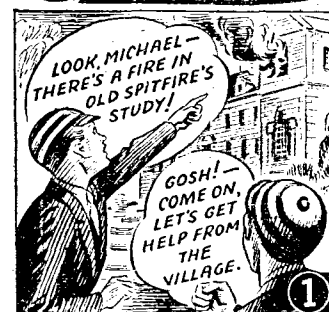
Dick had a few days leave before joining another ship, and while at home he had an idea. He thought he would like to thank the men of that flying-boat, because he was sure they had directed the rescue ship to where he and his companions were hanging on to that raft.

So he wrote a simple letter of thanks, and addressed it to the only address he knew. The Air Ministry, and marked the envelope "Please forward." Dick hoped it would be possible for the airmen concerned to know that he at any rate was very grateful for the services they had rendered.

Several weeks later a letter was delivered at Dick's home, and enclosed in it was the stump of a pencil. The letter was from the wireless operator of a certain Sunderland flying-boat, who said he thought Dick would like to have this bit of pencil as a keepsake, for it had been the means of saving Dick's life and the lives of the other two men.

The aircraft had been out on patrol one morning, and when she banked suddenly the operator's pencil had rolled off his table on to the floor. In stooping to pick it up, he chanced to look through one of the portholes of the plane and caught sight of a speck of something on the waters beneath him. Then he saw something white being waved. He sent word along to the pilot, and after making sure the flying-boat made off to give directions to a merchantman which was then several miles away. That was how the rescue was effected.

Dick and his family treasure that bit of pencil, and often when chatting with his friends he says, with a grateful smile, "Behold a man who owes his life to the stump of a pencil."



Today all boys' bicycles are almost impossible to buy. This is because of the war, but when we've won the war you'll want to have a B.S.A. bicycle of your own, because a B.S.A. is unbeatable for speed, good looks, strength, and fine manufacture.

BSA THE BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT

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WRONG MOMENT

DURING a heavy rainstorm a man was asked why he did not stop the leaks in his roof.

"I can't do it now because it is raining," he said.

When the rain stopped he was again advised to mend his roof.

"There is no need to do it," he said; "it doesn't leak now."

Proverbs About Haste

Good and quickly seldom meet.

Fools' haste is no speed.

Great haste makes great waste.

Haste trips up its own heels.

Too hasty burned his lips.

More haste, less speed.

Jacko Passes the Time



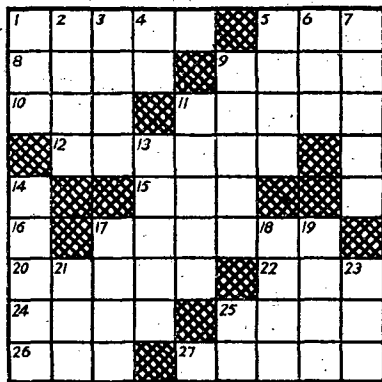
JACKO and Chimp, who was staying with him, were waiting their turn for the bath one morning. To pass the time they were indulging in a bit of cricket with an old bat and a sponge-bag for the ball. "Come on!" shouted Jacko. Over came the ball, and with a good whack Jacko sent it—full in the face of Father Jacko, who was just emerging, fresh and rosy, from the bathroom!

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Capable of flowing like water. 5 To undermine. 8 Ventilates. 9 Accomplished. 10 Good friend of man. 11 Angry. 12 Honey. 15 To force in. 17 Taste. 20 One hostile to another. 22 Block-head. 24 To cut with a scythe. 25 Food. 28 Used for piercing leather. 27 Sort of dish with a long handle.

Reading Down. 1 Favourite theory. 2 King of beasts. 3 To force onward. 4 Exists. 5 Fly aloft. 6 Industrious insect. 7 Looks narrowly. 9 Type of stage presentation. 11 Member of the Axis. 13 Feeling of restraint. 14 Musical drama. 17 Succession of loud sounds. 18 Froglike reptile. 19 Nobleman. 21 Fresh. 23 Reward for services. 25 Note in tonic solfa scale.

Answer next week



THE BRAN TUB

Curious Word

WHAT English word in common use will describe a person as not to be found in any place, and yet, with no other alteration than a separation of the syllables, will correctly describe him as being present at this moment?

Nowhere, now here

FIRST

WHITE: "I've read that the first man who ever carried an umbrella in the streets was mobbed."

Black: "By people who wanted to be the first to borrow it, I suppose."

CHAMPION

ALL his friends knew Robinson as a bore.

"There's one thing to be said for old Robinson," said Smith. "He's outspoken."

"Not by anyone I know," said Brown.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past seven on Sunday morning, September 6.



Do You Live at Barnet?

THIS name is a diminutive form of the Norman-French word *berne*, meaning a narrow space, a ledge, and is no doubt a reference to the configuration of the land at this part. In older times it was spelt *La Bernette*.

It has no connection with Barnetby in Lincolnshire. That name was formerly spelt *Bernetebi* and means the dwelling of Bernard.

CIPHER

A FOREIGNER with a long and unpronounceable name came into a hotel, booked a room, and wrote his name in the register.

"Excuse me, sir," said the clerk, "but what is your name?"

"My name?" exclaimed the visitor angrily. "Can't you see I have written it in your book?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "I can see it. That is what aroused my curiosity."

Word Changing

I AM a word of four letters, and am known to everyone, both young and old; transpose me, and I am part of the local accounts; curtail me, and I am an animal pest; reverse me, and I am a sticky substance. Restore me to my original form, and I mean to rend; curtail me, and I am a beverage; transpose me, and I am what all persons do. Behead me in my original form, and I am a part of the head; transpose me, and I am an epoch. Answer next week

Note on a Piano

A Chinese traveller, on returning to his own country after a journey in Europe many years ago, wrote this description of a piano:

THE Europeans keep a large four-legged animal which they can make to sing at will. A man, or more frequently a woman, or even a feeble girl, sits down in front of the animal, and steps on its tail, at the same time striking its white teeth with his or her fingers, when the creature begins to sing. The singing, though much louder than a bird's, is pleasant to listen to. The animal does not bite, nor does it move, though it is not tied up.

From Pole to Pole



QUOTH Cuthbert Quacker in his punt.

(His style of speech is rather blunt).

"I do not mind repeating That from this pole I would be free;

A tadpole is the pole for me— It's such delicious eating!"

TACT

MANY years ago a great landowner was giving a dinner to some of the tenants of his estate. Sitting next to him was an old farmer, who, during the meal, helped himself to a large mouthful of ice-cream. When he had regained his breath he exclaimed:

"Why, this pudding's froze!"

The tactful host tasted a small piece of the ice-cream, and then, assuming an expression of astonishment, said:

"Great Scott! So it is!"

PLANNING THE NEW COUNTRY

Boy. I was very interested to see that a committee set up by the Ministry of Works has proposed a Five-Year-Plan for turning our country into a rural paradise, cleared of rubbish, advertising, and petrol pumps, and rendered both productive and beautiful.

Man. Yes, I have been reading the report with admiration. I commend to you the spirit of promptitude revealed in its pages, and the bold declaration that there should be no delay. What they propose they assert to be "essentially and immediately practical and practicable."

Boy. Do you think a big addition could be made to our rural population by improving rural conditions, building plenty of good dwellings, electrifying the farms, spreading water supplies, and so on?

Man. Certainly a good deal could be done to make country

life more attractive, but we must beware of entertaining too great hopes on that head. People commonly talk of the "drift to the towns" in forgetfulness of the fact that as machinery spreads in agriculture, the number of people required to produce a given amount of food naturally falls.

If you will look at modern agricultural work you will see how astonishing is the small amount of labour it needs. In many operations one man can now do what 20 or 30 men did in the old days. So it will be after the war if we decide to produce more food. Each improvement we make in agricultural work will call for more machines. That will be good for the farms and for the countryside, but it will add not so much more labour as more efficiency.

Boy. I see that, but efficient farms and smallholdings worked by well housed and well paid

workers would amount to a real reform.

Man. Yes, our aim is not to look on agriculture as other than a businesslike industry, using the best possible methods to produce the greatest possible degree of abundance, and it should be the aim of the Five-Year-Plan to give the nation more food and more health by establishing rural life on sound economic foundations. It is also a part of our business to encourage rural trade and crafts. On the other hand, the committee do not favour the setting up of more big factories in villages or open country. We must prevent the misuse of good farming land.

Boy. I see that the committee have much to say about housing.

Man. They press for a big housing programme and say that every village should have proper playing-fields, greens, and halls, with clubs, theatres, libraries, adult education centres, clinics,

The Boy Talks With the Man

and canteens. It is, of course, true that the mixed farming operations which make up British agriculture lend themselves to the creation of beauty, which is only threatened by bad advertising, ribbon developments, unsightly bungalows, and carelessly placed industrial works which planning can avoid. A very interesting suggestion is the creation of national parks for public recreation, and Nature Reserves for the preservation of birds, animals, and plants.

Boy. And do they say anything about trees?

Man. Yes, you will be glad to know the report makes special reference to trees, not merely to their preservation, but to schemes of new planting. We rarely stop to think how the beauty of a village today is due to the taste and forethought of our predecessors; we owe it to the unborn to create for them a degree of ordered loveliness which we have not yet known.

FORTY WINKS

A YOUNG lady who stayed at Torquay

Went to sleep in a chair by the suay,

But a high tide soon rose

To the tip of her nose,

So she woke up and swam back to tuay.

Unreasonable Request

MARY was taken to a meeting by her grown-up sister, but she was too young to understand what the speakers were talking about, and became very bored. At last she stretched out her legs and popped a sweet in her mouth.

Her sister was very shocked. "Mary," she whispered, "take that sweet out of your mouth and put your feet in."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Chronogram Marlborough, Drake Cook, Columbus, Collingwood, Victory—MDCCCV.

How Much? Jack is 2d, Tom 9d.

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Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1 1/2, 2/3 and 3/11 1/2. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

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